

Easter Meetings in Massey Hall

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. REES

IN COMMAND, ASSISTED BY

COL. and MRS. MAPP, and The Territorial Headquarters Staff
also COLONEL ROTHWELL OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

GOOD FRIDAY MORNING at 9.30

— Massing of Troops and Great Open-air Parade —

MUSTERING GROUND, QUEEN'S PARK, CORNER OF QUEEN'S PARK CRESCENT AND ST. ALBAN'S.

IN WHICH ALL THE CITY FORCES
WILL UNITE, LED ON BY THE Territorial Staff Band and all City Bands

AND MARCH THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES, FOLLOWED BY

A Sacred Spectacular Service in the Massey Hall

AT 11 a.m., ENTITLED

The Coronation of Christ

WITH

MASSED BANDS, LIMELIGHT VIEWS, INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

EASTER SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 3 p.m.

IN THE MASSEY HALL

A GREAT PRAISE SERVICE WILL BE HELD

THE LORD IS RISEN

— 250 BANDSMEN and 250 SONGSTERS —

ALL WILL TAKE PART IN THIS SERVICE.

EASTER SUNDAY NIGHT

MEETINGS WILL BE CONDUCTED BY SPECIAL OFFICERS AS FOLLOWS:

Temple. **THE COMMISSIONER,** Assisted by COLONEL ROTHWELL, LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. CHANDLER, BRIGADIER GREENAWAY, Ensign Hargrave, Captains Radner and Richards.

Dovercourt. **Col. and Mrs. Mapp,** Assisted by LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. PUGMIRE, BRIGADIER AND MRS. POTTER, Adjutant Pearson, Ensign Maltby, Capt. Honeye.

Lisgar. **LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. TURNER,** Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hurvay, Adjutant and Mrs. Coy, Ensign Dubell.

Chester. **LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. REES,** BRIGADIER AND MRS. TAYLOR, Staff-Captain Arnold, and Ensign Mordall.

Toronto I. **MRG. BURDITT,** Adjutant and Mrs. Delfoy, Ensign Melour and Henderson, and Captain and Mrs. Pugmire.

Wycheewood. **MRG. AND MRS. BOND,** Captain and Mrs. Church, Captain Dodd, Lieutenant Gray.

Riverdale. **MAJ. CAMERON,** Ensign Lewis, Captains Eastwell, Snelgrove, Myers, and Rees, Lieut. George.

Yorkville. **MAJOR CREIGHTON,** Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, Adj. Walker, Captain Smith.

Earlscourt.

Rhodes Ave.

Lippincott.

Parliament.

W. Toronto.

The Cadets will go to their own Corps.

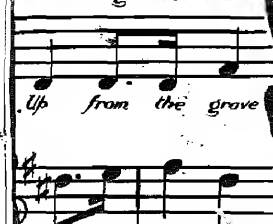
WAR CRY

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1915

No. 24

Price: Five Cents

FORUS. Allegro. M.J.-112



With a might - ty



triumph o'er His foes,



EASTER NUMBER

Drawn by Brigadier Ford.



"IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME."

As the Officer knelt and prayed, a memory of the past came over the prisoner, for she recalled the time when she too had prayed—prayed at her mother's knee in the old home. The recollection melted her into contrition and tenderness.

See page 7.

WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN TO YOU

A HEART TO HEART TALK—By THE COMMISSIONER.

ONE of the great seasons of the year—throughout all Christendom—is Easter-tide. To many people it has its own significance, and it is to be feared that in many cases the significations are altogether connected with the world, its fashions, and frivolities. To others Easter is a celebration of that great event when Christ, the Paschal Lamb, was slain that mankind might pass over from death to life; of the resurrection of Christ from the dead that man might have an Easter morning in his own soul, with a resurrection in his own dead self to nobler things. To all such Easter is a precious season, a time for the renewing of our covenants, re-consecrating ourselves to the service of the Saviour of the world. Reader, what does Easter mean to you?

The Editor has been kind enough to place some space of this War Cry at my disposal, and I have been turning over in my mind how I can best use it to the glory of God and the imagination of our dear Redeemer. My thoughts have shaped themselves in this direction: The great bulk of those who read this War Cry will be those who bear the name of Christ. What then shall I say that will help them to greater love and more zealous manifestations of it? So I let my mind roam over our great field of all its opportunities and activities for extending the Kingdom of God. I thought of our Bands, our Corps, and our Social Institutions for the exaltation of men and women, and then suddenly my mind focussed itself upon the problem that is ever present with us, namely, the need for consecrated men and women to come to the help of the Lord as Officers in the Army. I was in imagination, the great world was sweeping by in its mad rush after gold, real estate, pleasures, and follies; and I saw a Master stand and gaze tenderly upon the crowd and heard Him say in heart-moving accents: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The words carried my imagination to the Mount of Sorrow, Galvary's rugged height, and the world so familiar in Salvationists came to me. "I suffered this for them; what hast thou done for me?" And thus, unceasingly I resolved that my contribution should be an appeal to young men and women to abandon their present after the things of this world and gave themselves up to the joy of saving souls. It was my intention to mention here nothing of the sufferings endured by our Lord in his expiation of the sins of man, but I find that the Editor has given us the description of the crucifixion as written by that great pains artist, one who, in his visit to the Holy Land, has entered so sympathetically into the spirit of that great tragedy. Read and see if ever your eyes were like His. Young men and women who love the Lord give yourselves to Him for service; take up his Cross; share his shame, his poverty, and his and bye reign with him in glory. You may say His disciple, you bear his name, but the servant is greater than his Lord. So earthly ambitions are not for you. He has called you to his service—the sewing of a worldly ambition, the gathering together of this world's goods, the winning of human affections if they are not to the advantage of the Kingdom of Heaven are not for you. You should have nobler things in view—the saving of souls from the eternal burning, the glory of the New Jerusalem, the blessing of men and women. The earth of ours are the objects to which you should devote your whole being. What does Easter mean to you? Will you get up before that Cross and kiss those bleeding feet, and balm and wash them with your tears of gratitude, and give yourself unreservedly to Him who unreservedly gave Himself for you? If so,

blessed art thou. If you are truly a disciple of Christ and want to work for Him send in your application for Officership to us. Of your gifts and talents do not be concerned. For those who have the gift of song and speech our platforms are waiting, for those who have the gifts of ministering and of human sympathy our homes and social institutions stand open—there is work for all in the Army. Apply now.

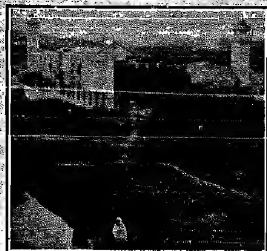
Then a word to Parents! What does Easter mean to you? To our Heavenly Father it meant the giving up, the abandoning to his merciless murderers of his only begotten Son. Will you give up to the War, your son, your daughter to help to win the world back to our Father. If you will lay your loved ones on the altar for service, this Easter will mean to you a season of unspeakable blessing.

It may be that some of you who will read this are parents, and have children—childful and good children; you have high hopes for their advancement in life. Their well-being, their comfort are great considerations with you; but you also love God and are aware of the growth of worldliness that is taking place to-day. Perhaps you have also the conviction that God requires them from you to advance His cause. How do you feel about it this Easter? This sacred season when we commemorate the giving up by God of His only Son for our redemption. Are you willing to sacrifice your son and your daughter? Let us remember what parents have done at the call of God. Abraham had a son, Isaac, upon whom depended the fulfillment of a promise by Jehovah, the promise being that in the son of his old age should all the nations of the earth be blessed. But then came the voice of God telling Abraham that he was to offer up his son as a burnt offering. We can imagine the feelings of the aged Abraham when his young son looked up into his face and asked about the lamb for the sacrifice. Abraham's reply is familiar to us all—"God will provide a lamb." And so the old man, confident in his belief that the God who had entered into a covenant with him, would abide by it, calmly proceeded to offer up his son until God provided a heast for the sacrifice—a type of the Lamb of God that was slain for the ransom of the world. Abraham's faith in God triumphed over his paternal feelings and to-day his narrative is one of the priceless treasures of the Christians' sources of inspiration.

Father, mother, what about your Isaac, or your daughter? Remember, whatever sacrifice, or deprivation may store you in the face, if you lay your child on the altar for Officership—God will abundantly make up to you. He provided the means of sacrifice for Abraham, and He will provide what is necessary for your well-being. Let this Easter, then, be the season when you will take up your Cross and sacrifice your child for the glory of your God and the saving of the souls of men.

It is wonderful what sacrifices parents have made when actuated by patriotism or other emotions that stir men's souls. A wealthy cultured Russian lady, whose daughter was arrested on a revolutionary charge and banished to Siberia, rejoined because all her five children had shown their zeal for the cause by taking an active part in it, and in consequence all five had been banished to the cruel mines and hardships of a convict's life in Siberia. Mother, father, do not hesitate to influence your child to consecrate himself or herself unto the service of the Lord as an Officer this day, and the glory of an Easter morning will dawn in your soul.

Some Unique Scenes from the Holy Land



EXTERIOR OF THE BURIAL PLACE OF ABRAHAM. The mosque Machpelah is built over the cave which Abraham bought as a burial place for his family.

The pictures on this page are the first photographic views ever taken of the carpeted sepulchral monuments beneath which lie the bodies of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

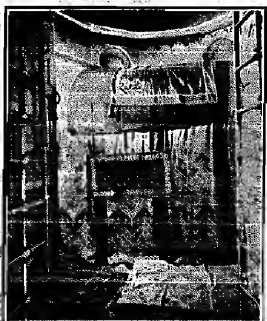


THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM AT HEBRON. Abraham, bought the cave of Machpelah from Ephron. Volant of the Koran appear in the foreground.

VII, who was permitted to enter the precincts when he visited Palestine as a young man. The cave lies under the Crusaders church in which the cenotaphs have been



THE RE-CONVEYED TOMB OF SARAH, ABRAHAM'S WIFE. The coverings of the wives' tombs are red. Those of the men are green, the sacred colour of Islam.



THE TOMB OF JACOB IN THE HANAN AT HEBRON. The cenotaph is covered with an elaborate carpet placed directly over the remains in the cave below. The cave has long been closed up.



THE TOMB OF ISAAC, THE SON OF ABRAHAM AND SARAH. The tomb is held in peculiar veneration among the Arabs. The Mahomedan pulpit stands next to the cenotaph.

What Winter Relief Accomplished.

A Story Showing the Good Results that Followed an Army Friend's Generous Donation

THE winter day, when a "cold snap" had the country in its grasp, a wholesale merchant in one of Canada's larger cities rang up on the phone a Salvation Army Officer.

"Good morning, Captain," he said. "Pretty cold weather we're having just now, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Captain, "and it's pretty hard on some folks in this city."

"That's just what I am thinking," continued the merchant, "and I wanted to tell you that I'm willing to do my share towards helping unfortunate persons. I want donate any money, but you can have all the meat you want if you send up to my warehouse for it. Distribute it among the most needy cases that come under your observation. I'll leave it to your judgment to discriminate between the really deserving and the really unfortunate and deserving poor."

"Thank you, sir," replied the Captain. "I'll be only too glad to do as you say."

"Mr. So-and-so's what I call a real gentleman," he said later on to his wife as he laid out the generous offer. "I'll help as best I can in our relief work this year."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," said his wife. Then they went visiting.

In a wretched home on the outskirts of the city the wife and family of a man who was notorious in that section as a hard drinker, sat and shivered on that cold winter's morning. A small fire burned in the stove it is true, but it was insufficient to keep out the cold when the thermometer stood at twenty below zero. A pop in the cupboard would have revealed the fact that this was a poverty-stricken home. It used not have been so. The husband earned good wages as a labourer, and he could have kept his family in comparative comfort if it had not been for his inevitable appetite for drink. As it was, his earnings went to swell the profits of the saloon-keeper, while those dependent upon him shivered and starved.

Thus did The Salvation Army Officers find things when they called at the house in the course of their visiting that day. Their hearts were touched by the pitiable condition of the family, and they decided that there was a case which needed immediate help. The Captain's promise to send some meat, groceries, and fuel up that day wonderfully cheered the poor wag-lounging mother. The look of relief on the woman's face quite chased away the momentary thought that had come to the Officer's mind as to whether this was a really deserving case or not. If the husband would only quit drinking, he had thought, there would be food enough for his family. But then one couldn't sit back and see the innocent suffer through the sins of another without raising a finger to help them. Whether deserving or not, his family needed assistance, and perhaps the Captain argued, an act of kindness like this would touch the father's heart and bring him to repentance.

And the Captain calculated rightly. That night when the drunkard returned to his home and found it more bright and cheerful than usual, and a good dinner on the table, he was "all taken aback" as his wife afterwards said.

"How did you get them things, Sarah?" he said, pointing to the table.

"The Salvation Army people sent 'em," replied his wife.

Apparently the comforts of home appealed to him strongly that night, or instead of seeking comfort and diversion in the saloon he sat by the kitchen stove thinking as deeply as his muddled brain would per-



Handed him a chunk of meat.

mit, and all the while pulling at an old pipe. It has been said that if a sinner will only sit down and think seriously for half an hour about his condition he will come to the conclusion that he ought to be saved.

Well, that is just the conclusion that this man came to. As he looked around his miserable home, noted the pale cheeks of his wife, and the sagged garments of his children, he remembered the time when he had been a fair young fellow, full of hope as to the future and as happy as the day was long. Now she was a prematurely aged and broken-spirited woman, with all ambition for the success of her husband and the education of her children. And he had been the cause of it all through yielding to the temptation of drink. Why had he let it master him? Thinking thus he grew morose and miserable. The temptation came to him to rush out to the saloon and drown all these disturbing thoughts in liberal draughts of whiskey. But another influence restrained him that night.

"Why should I be a slave to drink any longer?" he thought. "Is there no hope of my getting free?"

"And then it seemed as if a voice whispered to him: 'Go to The Salvation Army meeting to-night.'"

He was put on his overcoat and hat, and went out. His wife thought he had gone to the saloon. But for once his feet carried him to church.

"You go to the meeting if you want to, Jim," she said to her husband. "I'll be all right now that this sister has come."

So Jim went off to the Army meeting in accordance with a desire he had expressed earlier in the day.

Left alone, the two women began talking, and the Salvationist man discovered that the sick woman was sincerely desirous of seeking salvation. Kneeling by her bedside he pointed her to Christ, and the light broke in on the woman's soul as she prayed.

At about the same time, in the Army Hall, her husband was kneeling at the pentitent's form seeking God's forgiveness. He returned home just in time to bid a last farewell to his wife. She was nearer the river than anyone thought, but she went over triumphantly with the name of Jesus on her lips. Though the sudden death of his wife was a great blow to him, the man held on to God. Monday he is a reformed and happy soldier of the Corps at which he sat, and his children are coming along nicely as Juniors.

Truly no one can estimate the full worth of a philanthropic act. It is like sowing a seed that sprouts up and brings forth an abundant harvest.

him past these fatal doors. Setting his teeth, he pushed onwards towards the Army Hall. "I can and I will conquer my enemy," he said.

At the meeting he heard of the power of Jesus Christ to save from the uttermost in the inmost. The Captain, not knowing who he was, came to speak to him and persuaded him to seek this salvation. He went home that night sober and saved.

His wife was a bit sceptical for some time as to the reality and permanency of the change in her husband. As week after week went by, however, and he continued to attend the Army keep from the drink, and bring home his money, she began to believe that there was something in religion after all. One Sunday night, she went with him to the meeting. At the pentitent's form she learned the sweetness of God's forgiving love, and she went home that night with a new heart.

Thus did happiness come to the home of this one-time drunkard and his poor disheartened wife. They are now useful soldiers of The Salvation Army, striving to bring up their children to love and serve God. The oldest boy is a bandsman, the younger children are Junior soldiers, and a bright and happy future lies before them. Is not this good indeed, and the investment of a piece of beef with The Salvation Army? But the story is only half told as yet.

A day or two after the conversion of the man whose story we have already told, a poor unfortunate fellow called at the Officers' quarters to ask them to help him. Misfortune and sickness, added to his drinking habits, had, it appears, brought him and his family to the verge of starvation. His wife, at that moment was lying sick, and there was nothing in the house to eat.

"Well, here's something to begin on," said the Captain, as he handed the fellow a twelve-pound chunk of beef that he had just saved off the half carcass that he had sold that morning. The man was overjoyed and knew not how to express his gratitude.

"Oh, like you to come and visit my wife, Captain," he said, as he was leaving. "She's pretty sick, and I'd like you to pray with her."

"I ran come myself," said the Captain. "But I'll send my wife up this evening."

"Thank you," said the man.

The Officer's wife duly went on her mission, while her husband went to conduct his usual week-night meeting. Both were privileged to lead a song to Jesus that night.

The woman was indeed very sick, and the truly Salvationist decided to spend the whole evening at her bedside and try to cheer her.

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A day or two after the conversion of the man whose story we have already told, a poor unfortunate fellow called at the Officers' quarters to ask them to help him. Misfortune and sickness, added to his drinking habits, had, it appears, brought him and his family to the verge of starvation. His wife, at that moment was lying sick, and there was nothing in the house to eat.

"Well, here's something to begin on," said the Captain, as he handed the fellow a twelve-pound chunk of beef that he had just saved off the half carcass that he had sold that morning. The man was overjoyed and knew not how to express his gratitude.

"Oh, like you to come and visit my wife, Captain," he said, as he was leaving. "She's pretty sick, and I'd like you to pray with her."

"I ran come myself," said the Captain. "But I'll send my wife up this evening."

"Thank you," said the man.

The Officer's wife duly went on her mission, while her husband went to conduct his usual week-night meeting. Both were privileged to lead a song to Jesus that night.

The woman was indeed very sick, and the truly Salvationist decided to spend the whole evening at her bedside and try to cheer her.

"You go to the meeting if you want to, Jim," she said to her husband. "I'll be all right now that this sister has come."

So Jim went off to the Army meeting in accordance with a desire he had expressed earlier in the day.

Left alone, the two women began talking, and the Salvationist man discovered that the sick woman was sincerely desirous of seeking salvation. Kneeling by her bedside he pointed her to Christ, and the light broke in on the woman's soul as she prayed.

At about the same time, in the Army Hall, her husband was kneeling at the pentitent's form seeking God's forgiveness. He returned home just in time to bid a last farewell to his wife. She was nearer the river than anyone thought, but she went over triumphantly with the name of Jesus on her lips. Though the sudden death of his wife was a great blow to him, the man held on to God. Monday he is a reformed and happy soldier of the Corps at which he sat, and his children are coming along nicely as Juniors.

Truly no one can estimate the full worth of a philanthropic act. It is like sowing a seed that sprouts up and brings forth an abundant harvest.

him past these fatal doors. Setting his teeth, he pushed onwards towards the Army Hall. "I can and I will conquer my enemy," he said.

At the meeting he heard of the power of Jesus Christ to save from the uttermost in the inmost. The Captain, not knowing who he was, came to speak to him and persuaded him to seek this salvation. He went home that night sober and saved.

His wife was a bit sceptical for some time as to the reality and permanency of the change in her husband. As week after week went by, however, and he continued to attend the Army keep from the drink, and bring home his money, she began to believe that there was something in religion after all. One Sunday night, she went with him to the meeting. At the pentitent's form she learned the sweetness of God's forgiving love, and she went home that night with a new heart.

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THE idea of prying into society, that had first come to Brown in the prison cell, now began to take definite shape in his mind. By this time he had been in the wretched London alley, he argued, making a bare living by means of arduous daily toil, when the whole English country was open to him, and he could tramp freely and at will, and make his money by the gifts of the charitable. No longer would he be a slave to labour; no longer should the greedy, grasping rich use him as a tool to do their bidding. He would depend upon the results of his work, while doing out a pittance for him to exist on. He would be a free man, lodging under the open canopy of heaven, and forcing the rich to give him what he wanted for nothing. So he became a tramp, and commenced to roam the country, being utterly unscrupulous as to how he got his daily food. Sometimes he would take a loaf of bread from a baker's shop, or a glass of beer from a public house, or a bowl of soup from a kitchen, and sometimes he would pass a crust of bread by spending the night in the casual ward of a workhouse, though this was not a favourite method, owing to the harsh treatment he received there. He was afterwards rewarded of him by way of payment: and sometimes, when all other means failed and the chances were favourable, he would not hesitate at stealing what he required.

For a time he actually enjoyed this sort of a hand-to-mouth existence, but it soon began to pail upon him, and then he began to hate it. He was not a very happy man, and he was not a very desirable fellow at all. At times a spell of depression would seize him, and then his life seemed an intolerable burden. One day, when he was in the city, he arrived in the vicinity of Alcazar, a large military garrison town in England, Hungary, or somewhere else. He was walking along between rows and rows of little wooden huts, the barracks of the soldiery. "Hello, him, want to enlist?" It was a spry little fellow, a sergeant, who had been talking to him.

"Dye think I'll do for a soldier?" said Brown.

"Well, you're just the man for us," said the sergeant. "Well, son, squart

ful eye of the military police confronted him at every corner when he visited the town, and he could not enjoy a country

Owing to his dejected state of mind and his humor, that dinner tasted extra sour to the poor tramp. He began to think that he could do worse than become a soldier. They had a fairly easy time of it. He imitated, inod, lots of leisure to drink and amuse themselves, nice neat clothes to wear, and lots to eat. And besides that, didn't the public support them. Oh, nah here was a good way to live like a gentleman at the expense of the whole nation. Why hadn't he thought of it before. The wash of the outfit was that the Sergeant-Major found out about it. He had a hell of a time. Brown was proudly strutting about in the camp in the pearl uniform of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

That night he was taken to the canteen by his new-found military "friends" and treated to quantities of beer. He thought he had struck the ideal life at last. Being asked to oblige with a song, he very willingly consented, and he made a reputation in the regiment that night as a first-class comic singer. Everything seemed smiling to the young recruit. What a contrast to his sad condition a few hours previously.

Now, morning he was ordered out for drill with the awkward squad. This was not as pleasant. For the life of him he couldn't see why it mattered that you should place your feet in a certain position when turning right, left, or about. And that clanking off on the left foot always when you started to walk, or march, as they called it, was so puzzling. Too. A fellow that sort of mixed up trying to remember that the left foot was the right one to start off with. That cranky old drill sergeant, too, was a perfect nuisance. He seemed to have even like those of an eagle, and could detect the slightest wrong movement. His way of telling one about it, too, was not the poliest.

"Now then, men, try to march past in a straight line this time. Now, there you go again, crooked as a dog's hind leg. Men didn't call you? You're nothing better than a set of inhering monkeys. If you don't do it right next time I'll clap the whole lot of you in the guard-room."

Yes, drill was anything but a picnic. Brown also found out before long that he had to get up at a certain time and go to bed at a certain time; also that he could not go out of the camp just when he liked or do as he liked when he did get out. The watch-

ful eye of the military police confronted him at every corner when he visited the town, and he could not enjoy a country walk without soon getting "out of bounds."

A very few weeks of soldiering convinced him that it was far from being all that his imagination had painted it. As one of his fellow soldiers tersely expressed it, "Soldiering 'aint all beer and skittles."

And so one day he skipped out. Rising very early in the morning he dressed in some old clothes he had previously taken the precaution to procure, and slipping unobserved out of the camp he took the high road to London.

On reaching the Metropolis, he made at once for the Nine Elms district, knowing that he would be as safe from discovery there as if he were in a foreign country. His old pals gave him a cordial welcome, and soon he was established in his old haunts again. But he had no intention of working for his living. He found that he could live at the expense of others by playing the fool for them occasionally, and so night after night he would frequent various pubs and sing comic songs to the company gathered there. In this way he managed

[illegible]

knocked out his opponent by one single swift blow with his right fist. Now this was exactly what happened on this occasion, and it attracted the attention of some sporting men in the crowd who were on

(Continued on Page 18.)

Some Striking Examples of the Power of Divine Love and Human Sympathy.

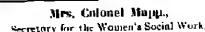
reports upon Salvation Army Prison Work the greater prominence is usually given to what is being done amongst male prisoners. This prominence is due to the fact that the number of men confined in prison is about 100,000, while the number of women is only 10,000. The work amongst the men is therefore much more extensive and the results are more widely known. Nevertheless a great deal of good is being done amongst the women inmates of the prisons. The work is chiefly through the efforts of the members of the League of Mercy who work under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Colwell, Secretary of the Women's Social Work in

These noble bands of women, many of them mothers of families, regularly meet the jails in addition to performing such other good work, and their meetings with the prisoners are full of interest. But they do not stop at merely preaching to the unfortunate behind the bars; they interview each one personally, pray with them, and strive to make them better. The extent to which they are able afterwards help them, when they obtain their discharge, depends upon the generosity of their benefactors and the desire for reform. The Dominion Parish Officer in a recent report to the Minister of Justice said: "If the reclaiming of the criminal is the object of all our prayers, the treatment of our prisoners, the treatment of the criminal within the prison walls must be supplemented by an in-

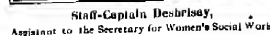
The Army shares that belief, and, as far as it is able, assists to a better life the discharged women prisoners who have come under its influence. The following instances

is a typical one. A young girl, we will call her Annie, had committed a daring theft—a horse and rig. She was taken to the station and put in a room in the Reformatory. But it did not result in her reforming her ways, and when she came out she was just as dishonest as before. She was sent to the Reformatory again, and this time she was sent to the Ontario town, where she found many opportunities of pilfering. One day, however, she was detected carrying off some valuable furs belonging to the warden. She was caught and brought to the police. She was given a term in the local jail this time. Now the governor of this jail was a firm believer in the methods of the Army and Navy, and he was determined to make the Officer, therefore, and asked her to visit the wardway girl and try to persuade her to abandon her evil ways. "All the Army and Navy officers," said the Officer, "are good people. Then he wanted results, half-hourly, half-daily, and so on. The Officer regularly visited the girl. The girl was defiant and sullen at first, but gradually she came to realize that the warden was too much for her. She gradually learned, like ice beneath the warm rays of the sun, and at last came to look forward with pleasure to the visit of the ARMY OFFICER.

Once again the Officer prayed, musing that the time came over the prisoner, for she recalled the time when she too had prayed—prayed for her mother's knee in the oh-
hume. The recollection melted her into
tears and penitence.
Screaming, "Oh God, save me!" she sank on her
knees and cried out, "Oh God, save me! O
God, save me!" Her heartbroken cry was
heard by the Great Father, and in that mo-
ment she received assurance of pardon
for all her sins. The change was so sudden
that she was almost unconscious. She
went to the Governor's office and said,
"I am here to please God as he had formerly
been to do evil. The Governor was delig-
ent, and gave a ready ear to the Officer's ex-
planation that Anne should be released
and sent home as an obedient child."
This was done to give her last wish.



A very similar instance occurred in another town of Ontario. Katie was a drunkard, a wild looking creature whom most people shuddered to look at. She was sen-



drunkenness, and three days after regaining her liberty was again arrested, this time for vagrancy, and given a two-year sentence.

[illegible]

harsh methods will always fail with women like poor Katie. But the Salvationist had another way. Entering her cell one day she spoke kindly to her and attempted to win her confidence. Katie was suspicious, however. "But I've got no use for your Christianity," she snapped out. "But won't you let me be your friend, Katie?" gently said the volunteer.

"Friends! I want no friends other than what I've got," said the girl. "The rats are all the friends I've got here," she continued. "When I'm alone they'll come into the cell and eat crumbs out of my

"No, dear," was the answer.

"Then what makes you take such an interest in me?"

"It is Christ in me gives me the desire to befriend all in trouble, Kate."

"That sounds good," mused the girl. "I should like a religion like that."

“You can have it dear if you will pray.”
But Katie would not pray then, nor in
deed for many a day, but finally the time
came when the pleadings and tears of her
sustained friends prevailed and the poor
girl sought and found the Saviour. The
change in her since that time has been too
marked. The incoming of the Spirit of
Christ has not only altered her character
but transformed her very face, so that it
is a joy to those who have known her, to see her

annual she now has a calm and peaceful expression, and moves about her prison duties with a sweet maidenly dignity that is a pleasure to behold. Her term of imprisonment will soon expire, and the Army understands ready to help her when she once more has to face the world.

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(Continued on Page 18.)

HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.—By JAMES TISSOT



THE MYRRH AND GALL

[illegible]

The Nails Driven Into the Feet

preparing this beverage was reserved to the ladies of the highest rank, and it was no doubt to them that Saint Matthew referred in the present instance. There is however no doubt that he had in mind the women of the San Mark. The latter speak distinctly of wine mingled with myrrh, whilst the former says: "They gave him vinegar and gall to drink." The latter may perhaps suppose that Saint Matthew had a bitter drink spoken of, and if so, the beverage might be taken, to be composed of vinegar and gall, and the gall and some substance as bitter epithet, which is the case of its extreme bitterness, was called gall by the Jews. "When Jesus" adds the Evangelist, "gave him to drink, he would not accept it." He needed neither the strength of himself courage nor did He want a stimulant to aid Him to rally His forces; His manhood was able to endure all pain, all weakness, and all endurance. After the shock was over, His blood flowed freely again, and He gave Himself up to His executioners, being thus brutally downed upon the Cross.

'The First Nail'

The Cross, then, is pure lying upon the ground; at least that is our idea, though we must add that fact is open to question. According to the early writers, the instrument of execution was a long pole, the ground to begin with, and the condemned were then hoisted up at a kind of seat or scaffold erected over it, and it was not until the body was nailed there that the cross itself was referred to the different portions of the Cross. Many later writers are of opinion that the word *crucis*, the mode of crucifixion employed by the Romans, was used simply as a euphemism, and that it is quite possible that it may have been so. There is, however, a tradition which holds that the mode of crucifixion of the course of the cross was quite a different version of the mode of the cross, and that we propose to follow in our rendering of the terrible scene. It was, of course, with the terrible horror of the horrible punishment operation of the nailing being done, and the fact that the weight of the body would tear away the flesh, the probability is that the body was bound to the Cross with ropes. We know from Pliny, Xanthop, Pliny, Xanthop, and several other early

writers that ropes were often used as well as nails. It is evident that but for some such precaution the work could not have been properly done, in order to nail down the hands satisfactorily it was desirable to first to bind the hands to the cords; for, however patient and resigned the victim might be, the agony inflicted by the driving in of the nails must have caused such a violent convulsion as would have greatly hindered the executioners in their cruel task. It would, of course, be more than ever necessary to take this precaution in the case of those who were not free, and, as that was very often the practice of binding the arms to begin with naturally became universally customary. The upper part of the body was also bound to the cords, the executioners, which must indeed have involved to a marked degree to the sufferings of the condemned; for, if they were drawn tightly up, the use of any use in binding the arms to the cords would have been to have eaten into the flesh, and, by compressing the chest, have made respiration horribly painful, whilst the free circulation of the blood would have been checked. It is, however, certain that when the cords, and the supplementary suffering inflicted on the unfortunate victim really saved him from ever being agony, and was, in the great majority of cases, the cause of his death. The conditions, such as could be easily foreseen in these various precautions were neglected. Without these cords supporting the body by the arms, the arms, the victim could not long have survived the pain, for, on the slightest slipping of the limbs, or the first swoon of the sufferer, the knees could have bent, the head would have fallen forward, and the hands would have fallen from the cords, and the body would have been drawn out of the perpendicular by its own weight. Then the hands would have dragged away from the nails, and a horrible death would have ensued, which would have been in position by the nails, and the fixed workmen as the executioners in the service of Pilate, accustomed for a long time to administer task of crucifying convicts, were and are, in the case of this accident; they are very sure to have bound the Saviour securely before they drove in the nails. Jesus, then, lies extended on the cross, his arms and hands right out for his martyrdom; one arm, bent right out

The Nail Driven Into the Feet

It is from the Greeks that the most ancient model of the Cross has come down to us, and its form is that of the so-called *crux immissa*, or cross with arms of equal length on the upper portion and shortening towards the feet, indicating the place where the feet were nailed. The way in which this form of the Cross was used is not clearly understood. The first Apostles, who really preached in Syria, in Greece, and throughout Asia Minor were, of course, as the Greeks themselves say, Jews, and it is the life of Christ. All the smallest inscriptions connected with His death were of special interest, and when those who had been eye-witnesses of the Crucifixion were asked what was the instrument of His martyrdom, they no doubt replied by simply pointing to the ground on or upon which the wall of the city had been built. It happened to be teaching, a rough representation of the Cross. A straight line stood for the ground, and the cross itself was the *crux immissa*, a transverse line showed where the arms had been outstretched, and above it the presence of the nails was indicated by the presence of two dots. This was the origin of the idea of what was called the *Patriarchal Cross*, or the cross with two branches, the upper, sloping line at the place where the feet had been nailed, and the lower, horizontal line which related the feet of the Saviour. It was really rather difficult to manufacture a cross of this shape, and the support for the feet is a design facing the

fallen orthodoxy was necessary, for and the probability is that the plan adopted was to indicate by means of the figures the just return to the mode in which the matter is treated in the Gospels, and thus in a manner to be easily understood by the masses. Such is the natural explanation of the Greek cross of which we are speaking. Still, we do not presume to decide a question of this kind, and we leave the matter of controversy in a manner which leaves no ground as has many others refuse to believe in the support of the feet, and replace it by a kind of rest in the centre of the upper arm, as is seen in the Sulfurifer's cross. At the beginning of the 16th century (1501) Justin expresses himself, in speaking of the cross, in the following terms: "In the centre of the Cross is like a bird, a wood which projects like a horn and serves as a support to the cross, on which we are put to death by crucifixion."

• The Elevation of the Cross.

[illegible]

One of the most acute pangs of the heart,
as if their own last hour had come.

[illegible]

WAITING.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole, long, gusty lifetime through
 Be gone awhile before,
Be new a moment gone before:
Yet doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
 Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
 He pushes on with right good will,
 Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill
 That selfsame, arduous way,
 That selfsome, upland, hopeful way,
 That you and he through many a doubtful
 day
 Accomplish still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few telling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
 You travel forward, mile by mile,
 He loiters with a backward smile
 Till you can overtake,
 And strains his eyes, to search his wake
 Or, whistling, as he sees you through the
 brake

Waits on a stile,
Christ hath arisen! O mountain peaks altest—
Witness, resounding glen and terroul wave
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the

To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith
have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds
of morn! —Mrs. Hemans,

SOME WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST was born in the little town of Barrington, N.S., but at a very early age went to Charlottetown to live. Her father was a Methodist minister, and so



Staff-Captain Jost.

Matron in charge of the Maternity Hospital, Toronto

instinctually enough when his daughter grew up she became an ardent church worker and Sunday school teacher. She had heard or seen nothing of The Salvation Army previous to the year 1886, when she went to visit a friend at Charlottetown, N.B. To her surprise this friend had become a Salvationist, so Miss Jost came into contact with the Army a little more than she than desired. But after a while she "got converted to the Army," to use her own words. That is to say she became convinced that they were right and that they were real followers of Jesus Christ. She did not immediately become a Salvationist, however. A few months later the Army "opened fire" in her home town. Her previous acquaintance with them had swept away all prejudices from her mind, and so she attended the meetings and gained much spiritual blessing through them. One night, during a Holiness Meeting, she saw her need of a "higher up" religion than she possessed. Alone in her room she sought the Father. It ended in her complete surrender to God and the definite consecration of her life to His service. When God called her to be a Salvation Army Officer, therefore, there was no hesitation on her part, despite the opposition of parents and friends. She entered the Training Garrison at St. John in May, 1888. Her first field appointment was to Shediac as Canteen. She only spent six weeks here, and was then put on Special Service, touring the Eastern Province as a member of a musical troupe. Her part consisted in playing a small portable organ at the numerous meetings that were held.

Upon the conclusion of the tour she was sent in Digby as Lieutenant. Annapolis and Fredericton followed, and then, in 1891, she was promoted Captain and sent to St. John, Nfld., as second-in-command of the No. 11 Corps and the Women's Training Garrison. Here she spent many happy months, and for the last half year of her term she was in full charge of the work. From here she went to Harbor Grace, and then to Bay Roberts. At the latter place a most glorious revival took place. An appointment as

matron of the Maternity Hospital came next. Just about that time the Rescue Home was opened in St. John, and Captain Jost was chosen to supervise it. It was difficult work at first and very hard to finance, but God answered prayer in a remarkable way and much good was done. Her success marked out Captain Jost as a valuable Social Worker, and a year later she was appointed to take charge of the St. John (N.B.) Rescue Home. Here she remained four years doing a splendid work amongst the fallen. The first Army Maternity Hospital in Canada was opened in St. John during her term of service there. A year and a half in charge of the Halifax Rescue Home followed, when one morning she received a wire to the effect that she was to go to Spokane, Wash. After a hurried visit home to see her mother she started off on the long journey across the Continent. She has since crossed and recrossed it no less than six times. Out in the West she had the oversight of three Rescue Homes in three different cities, namely, Butte, Men, Vancouver, B.C., and Spokane, Wash. The latter city was her headquarters, and here she was also appointed Police Matron. She did much good work in this connection, and saved many a young girl from a life of crime. One unique experience she had was spending a night in a cell with a murderer. After seven years of arduous service in these Western towns she suffered a breakdown and was obliged to take a long furlough. Two years ago she returned to her much loved work, and was appointed matron of the Calgary Rescue Home. She is now matron at the Bloor St. Hospital, Toronto, and also has the oversight of the Esther St. Rescue Home.

Her whole life has thus been one of toil for the good of others, and she can look back with satisfaction to "something accomplished, something done."

CAPTAIN MILLS

CAPTAIN MILLS is a typical representative of the great and increasing number of Officers in our ranks who have grown up with the Army. She was dedicated in the Army when just an infant, and at the early age of seven realized definitely for the first time her relationship to God. It was during a special Young People's campaign at the Hampstead Corps, London, Eng., that the child's consciousness of really loving her Saviour was awakened. She



Captain Mills, Rescue Officer of the Esther Street Home, Toronto.

had been told about Jesus Christ from her very first moment of understanding, and she had always loved Him and prayed to Him as the good God, but in that moment she felt that He became more real to her. Henceforth her great aim in life was how best to serve Jesus Christ. As she grew up she became increasingly devoted to God and the Army, and at the age of 17 she applied for Officership. She was told to wait for twelve months. She did so, working diligently, the while in the Corps, her chief delight being to teach a company of children. Her time of waiting over, she entered the International Training College at Clapton, and in due time



Captain Adams, Matron at the George Street Home, Toronto.

was commissioned as Lieutenant and sent to the Mile End Corps in the East End of London. She had many interesting experiences visiting the slum dwellers in this district. One day that stands out in her memory is that on which she called at three houses in succession and found a corpse with a cord. She prayed with the weeping relatives and spoke words of comfort to them, and as a result of her living one young woman at least found the Saviour and became a Salvationist. She spent seven months at this Corps, and was then obliged to go home on account of the illness of her mother.

Two years elapsed during which time the family removed to Canada. Then the way opened once more for her to return to the work that was in dear to her heart. She was appointed as matron at the Esther Street Rescue Home in Toronto, here she has spent three happy years working hard for the spiritual and moral regeneration of those under her care. She likes her work and feels that it is worth while devoting her life to it when she witnesses the transformations that are constantly taking place in the lives and characters of the fallen. Many girls have got converted as the result of her interest in them, and she is watching their progress with feelings of gratitude in God for using her in such a great work.

CAPTAIN ADAMS

EVEN before becoming a Salvationist, Captain Ethel Adams—now in charge of the Inebriates Home, Toronto—was never a world-

(Continued on Page 21.)

Windows in Calvary

By the Chief of the Staff.

"And they crucified Him. . . And sitting down they watched Him there."—MATT. XXVII. 35, 36.



PASSING words spoken in times of deep emotion often reveal human character more vividly than a lifetime of talk under ordinary circumstances. Conduct which at other times is of the most trifling significance, reveals in the hour of fiery trial, the very inwards of the soul, even making manifest that which has been hidden.

perhaps, for a generation. Thus, while watching a man with the opportunity and the temptation to deceive or oppress those who are in his power, you may see into the very thoughts of his heart; you may learn what he really is. Or you may measure the depths of a mother's love in observing her when, after violating every principle she has valued and lived for, her prodigal boy comes to ask her to take him in once more.

In the same way, words spoken by the dying are often like windows suddenly uncovered, through which one may catch a glimpse of the ruling passion of life, in the light of which their life-witness and life-labour alike look different. It is this fact which often gives the dying hour of the meanest, importance as well as solemnity. The veriest trifler that ever trifled this vale of tears has, in that last solemn hour something to teach of the secrets of mortality.

And this revelation of the real facts of human experience is of the highest value to the world. It is one of God's witnesses to truth, that truth will out. Sooner or later, selfishness and sin will appear in their naked deformity, to horrify those who behold them; and in the end justice and truth and love are certain to be made manifest in their natural beauty, to convince and to charm and to attract their beholders.

It is not only one of the uses of trial to bring this about, but it is one of the means by which God converts to His own high purposes, the miseries and sorrows the Devil has brought in. The one burns the martyrs; the other brings out of that cruel and frightful wrong the glorious testimony which is the very seed of His Church. The one casts us into fiery dispensations of suffering and loss; the other takes these moments of human anguish and desola-

tion, and makes of them open windows through which a doubting or scoffing world may see what love can do. Thus He makes us to triumph in the midst of our foes, while working in us a likeness to Himself, the All-patient and All-perfect God.

Nor is it the good and true alone who are thus made object-lessons to others, and to themselves, by these ordeals of pain. By them, many a bad man is also forced to appear bad to himself. Many a hypocrite, anxious about the opinions and traditions of men, is at last stricken of his lies to see himself the wretched fraud he really is. Many a heart-backslider, whose religion has long ceased to be anything but a memory, awakes to the shame of it and to the danger—and often, thank God, awakes in time.

Now, the words of the dying Christ on His cross are, in the same way, a true and wonderful revelation of His character and His spirit. As it is only by the

light of the sun that we see the sun, so it is by Jesus that Jesus is best revealed. Never one spoke like His spoke; and yet in this respect, so real was His humanity, He spoke like us all—He spoke out what was in Him. *The Truth* must, above all, and before all, make manifest what is true of Himself.

To whom, then, did our Lord speak on the tree, and what spake He? What special thoughts and beauties of His soul do His words reveal?

Jesus, so far as His words have been recorded for us, spoke from the cross to Mary His mother, to one of the thieves who was crucified with Him, to God His Father, and to Himself.

1.

His Words to Mary.

"When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother!"

The position of Mary in these last hours was peculiarly grievous. She had lived to see the breaking down of every hope that a mother's heart could cherish for her son. Standing there amidst that mob of relentless enemies, and watching Jesus, forsaken by God and man in His mortal agony, her present sorrow, great as it was, was crowned by the memory of the holy and happy anticipations of His birth, and the maiden exultations of her soul when the angels



Christ, and His Mother.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR

A large number of poor children from Toronto are each year taken to The Army's Fresh Air Camp, where they revel in the joys of farm and lake for a fortnight.

foretold that her Son should be the Saviour of His people and their King. How cruelly different the reality had turned out! How far, how very far away, would seem to her the quiet days in Nazareth, the rapture of her Son's first innocent embrace, and the evening communions with Him as He grew in years! What tender memories the sight of those dear bleeding feet, those outstretched, wounded hands, would recall to that mother's heart! Yes, Mary on Calvary is to me a world-picture of desolate, withering, and helpless grief—of pain increased by love, and of love intensified by pain!

And Jesus in His great agony—the Man of Sorrows come at last to the wilderness that His heart might be broken in treading it alone; came to the hour of His travail; came to the supreme agony of the sin-offering; face to face with the wrath of the Judge, blackness and tempest and anguish blotting out far the moment even the face of the Father—forsaken at last—**FORSAKEN**—Jesus, in this depth of midnight darkness sees her standing by the cross. Bless Him, Oh, ye that weep and mourn in this vale of tears! Bless Him for ever! His eyes are eyes for the sorrowful. He sees them. He has tears to shed with them. He is touched with the same feelings and moved by the same griefs. He sees Mary, and speaks to her, and in a word gives her to John, and John to her, for mutual care and love. It was as though He said, "Mother, you bare Me; you watched and suffered for Me, and in this redeeming agony of My love, I remember your anguish, and I take you for ever under My care and I name you Mine."

Surely, there never was sorrow like unto His sorrow, and yet in its darkest crisis He has eyes and heart for this one other's sorrow. Far from Him, as the east from the west, is any of that selfish thought and selfish seclusion which grief and pain so often work in the unsanctified heart, eye, and in the best of us. What a lesson of practical love it is! What a message—especially to those who are called to suffer with Him for the souls of men—comes streaming from those words spoken to Mary. The burden of the people's needs the care of the Church, the awful responsibility of ministering to souls—these things, sacred as they may be, cannot excuse us in neglecting the hungry hearts of our own flesh and blood, or in forgetting the claims of those of our own household.

Dear friend and comrade, in your sorrow, in your sore trial of faith, in your Calvary, take to your heart this revelation of the heart of the Son of Man and be careful of the solitary and heart-breaking

ones near you, no matter how humble and how unworthy they may seem.

II.

His Words to the Thief.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

The crucifixion of the two robbers with Jesus was a sort of topsy-turvy of obloquy and disgrace contrived by His murderers with the double object of further humiliating Him in the eyes of the people, and of adding poignancy to His own agony. The vulgarly and shamefulness of it were the last touch of their contempt, and the last stroke of His humiliation. There was a kind of devilish ingenuity in this circumstantial way of branding Him as a malefactor. And yet in the presence of this extremity of human wickedness and cruelty, Jesus found an opportunity

of working a wondrous work of God; a work which reveals Him as the Saviour, strong to save both by His infinite mercy and by His infinite confidence in the efficacy of His own sacrifice.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Eyes and heart for the sorrowful He had, as we see; and now ears, and impulse high at hand, for the sinful. No word of resentment; no sense of distance or separation between the spotlessness and perfection of His character and this poor lonely convict—but a strange and wonderful nearness, new and to come. *With Me.* He says—"With Me in Paradise." Alas! this is the secret of much in the life of the Son of God—this intimate, constant, conscious nearness to sinners and to sin! He had sounded the depth of evil, and, knowing it, He pitied, with an infinite compassion, its victims; He got as near as He could to them in their misery, and

died to save them from it. That heart-nearness to the thief had nothing to do with the nearness of the crosses. Every one knows what a gulf may be between people who are very near together—father and son—husband and wife! No, it was the nearness of a heart deliberately trained to seek it; a heart delighting in mercy, and deliberately surrendering all other delights for it; hungering and thirsting for the love of the lost and ruined.

The heart penitents after the victim.
The dying for life that departs.
The Lord in His glory for sinners.
For the love of rebellious hearts.

And so He is quite ready, at once, to share His heaven with this poor defiled creature, the first trophy of the cross. Again—what a lesson of love—how different, all this, from the common inclination



The Victim That.

to shrink away from contact and intercourse with the vile! Oh, shame, that there has ever been such a shrinking in our poor guilty hearts! The servant is not above his Lord. He came to sinners. Let us go to them with Him!

III.

His Words to the Father.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The prayer for His murderers is a revelation of the wonderful nearness and capacity of love. The Saviour passes from pole to pole of human ken, to find a ground on which He can plead for the forgiveness of those cruel and wicked men; and He finds it in their ignorance of the stupendousness of their sin against Him. It seems as though He chooses to remain in ignorance of what they did know, and dwell only on what they did not know, "that they know not what they do."

It was ever so with Him! He has no pleasure in iniquity. Wrong-doers are so precious to Him that He never will magnify or exaggerate their wrong-doing, not a hair's breadth. He will not dwell on it—no, not a moment, except to plead some reasonable ground for its pardon, such as this—the ignorance of the wrong-doer, or the rich efficacy of His sacrifice. He will only name sin to the Father, in order that He may confess it for the sinner, and intercede for mercy and for grace.

This is the old and ever new way of dealing with injuries, especially "personal injuries." Is it yours? Are you seeking thus after reasons for making the wrong done to you appear pardonable? Is your first response to affront or insult or slander, or of the cup of anguish has been drunk up, and with a note of victorious confidence, he cries out, "It is finished!" Looking back from the cross on all His life in the light of these words, we see how He regarded it as an opportunity for accomplishing a great duty, and for the fulfillment of a mission. Now, He says, "The duty is done—the mission is fulfilling it—the work is finished!" Truly, it is a lofty, a noble, yea, a godlike view of it!

He won the need and crown;
Trod all His foes beneath His feet,
By lying lowly down.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Death has always been held to afford a final test of faith, and here the human soul of Jesus passed through that mortal struggle with a calmness as all when heart and flesh shall fail. "Into Thy hands"—that is enough. As He passes the threshold of the unknown—goes as we must—into the Valley of the Shadow, faith springs forth and exclaims, "Into Thy hands." All shall be well. In this confidence I have laboured; in this confidence I die; in this confidence I shall live henceforth.

IV.

To Himself.
"It is finished!"



By HAROLD BEUBIE.

This is an extract from a remarkable book just published, entitled "Other Sheep," obtainable at the S. A. Trade Headquarters and other booksellers.

human being, with dawning intelligence and exhausted misery in his eyes, and the beginnings of a new philosophy in his just awakened soul.

He lived in a distant village in Southern India, where for many centuries the people have uttered propitiatory worship to a particularly odious devil. His father was a devil-possessed man who lived by using his power to exorcise from others devils less powerful than those which tormented him. The faith of the village did not trouble itself with gods, good or immoral. The people believed in a power of evil definitely and eternally arrayed against them. To offer sacrifices and perform ceremonies which would placate this all-potent devil seemed to them obviously more rational than to supplicate any god whose beneficent qualities were guaranteed them against the possibility of attack from that quarter.

The dancer's father may be described as a priest of this devil-worship. He was not only the most powerful exorciser of devils, he was not only a seeker of favours from his devil, but he had definitely made a compact with this devil to serve him on earth and in the worlds beyond. In some dreadful and unrecorded moment of his tortured life this man of the jungle and the mountains had sold his soul to that power of evil in the universe which seemed to him the master of his fate. Henceforth, a freeman of hell, he offered sacrifices in a devil grove, and went about the villages earning money for the attack he drank day and night by casting out devils and praying for favours and mercy to the chief of the devils in the name of those troubled with sickness and fear.

The boy was twelve years of age when his father was stricken with illness. He was a normal boy of the village, quick and cheerful, but as heathen and ignorant as all the rest of his community. Up till that time he had little troubled his head about devils, beyond taking care never to go out at dark and always to avoid such places

as burying grounds, where a great number of devils were known to have their dwelling. But now he had a new birth and experienced a purged and awakened, terrible in the consequences. The father was raving and gnashing his teeth on his death-bed. The family stood round the writhing figure, regarding it with consternation. Suddenly the father started up, and, seizing his son by the long hair of his head, dragged the boy down to him, and, rubbing ashes upon his head cried in a loud voice, "Promise me to serve the devil—promise me, promise me!" Then, tossing the child, he spread his arms to the group of his wife and children, and implored them with his last breath to yield their souls to the devil. His last words were, "Serve the devil."

For three or four days nothing occurred. The life of the family went on as usual. The death of the devil-possessed father seemed to make no difference in his fortunes. There was the same poverty, the same frugality, the same misery, and the same monotony of labour. But one night as the oldest son lay on his ragged mat waiting for sleep, he fell himself suddenly shrieking with a deadly cold which convulsed all his limbs and shook him with so great a violence that his teeth rattled and grinded in his mouth. He says that he saw nothing, but that he felt the approach of the devil. He was powerless in scream, powerless to ward off the attack. He lay in a breathless and palsy-stricken terror. Then, as if a cloud had swallowed him, he felt his body occupied by something not himself, but became aware of an overshadowing and masterful spirit sitting in the tenement of his body and taking absolute possession of his will.

He became unconscious. Early in the morning he awoke, and leaving his house plunged into the jungle and ascended the mountains. He does not know why he sought this solitude, he cannot tell why he was so full of fear of devils and evil spirits; driven into the wilderness by the demon possessing him he simply went on and on, a leaf blown by the wind, a spar swept by the waves, a soul heretofore of volition.

He threw himself down from heights. He felt himself lifted off his feet into the air. He beat himself with stones, he tore out his hair and scratched his flesh with his nails

ill, it was wet with blood. The night came and he was not afraid. Without sleep and without fatigue, he wandered hither and thither, wailing and groaning, shouting and singing, laughing and crying. He was conscious neither of hunger nor thirst. The heat blazed down upon his unprotected head, and he sought no shade. His body became burned with the heat, and he sought no water. With a consciousness which seemed to be crowning, soothing, and inspiring, he felt himself swept forward by the devil, the wish to fight for his safety.

How long he remained in the jungle on that occasion he does not remember. He returned eventually to his home, and found that his fame was established as a devil-possessed boy. He explains that as a devil-possessed boy, that as far as memory could reach members of his family had been possessed by spirits that of the death of the father, the oldest son always inherited the family's devil. Every one in the village, and in some of the neighbouring villages, recognized his devil as the one which had possessed the father. He was called on to exorcise devils, and was given gifts of rice for his services.

Up till the moment of his possession he had been a good boy. He is keen, that is to say, perfectly moral and obedient. He is quite certain that on this point, And he is also quite certain that from the moment of his possession he became one of the greatest scoundrels in that neighbourhood. Lust became sexually vile and dreadful. He craved for the disgusting spirit called attack. He loved to eat and run himself with filthy things. It gave him not pain, but positive pleasure, to stab and slash himself with a knife. His arms are yet riddled with gashes, and his neck pitted with the marks of his slashings. He could handle fire and would rub it on his head and body without being either blistered or hurt. He could put himself into a terrible frenzy and perform in this state acts of strength and daring which sent his fame into all the countryside. He told us what were the signs of his devil's activity and frenzies. He would begin to spit blood, then he would be shaken with a palsy, then his senses would become jumbled, muddled, and covered with a muffled obscurity, and for one night every bone in his body would ache as though he had been beaten by many clubs. After that he was possessed and swept forward for days and weeks by the devil possessing him.

He never saw his devil, or any other devil; but he described with a wonderful quickness of gesture and a sudden flashing of the eyes what he has seen in the darkness of the night and the solitude of the jungle. Light has flashed on him from two sides, blashed with incredible swiftness, as if two fingers of flame sprang upon each other and vanished in the ferocity of their collision; then straight in front of him, a little above the level of his eyes, he has seen a creature like a cat spinning round and round in a rush so electric that it has made a circle of light about it in the darkness, and he has felt something striking him, and then has seen them disappear into nothingness.

Like his father he dedicated himself to the devil—deliberately elected to serve evil. He became as really possessed by evil spirits as his father was possessed by the Spirit of God. All his experiences are a perversion of those recorded by holy men and pure women in the Scriptures. With reverence, on one occasion he spent seven days and nights without nourishment of any kind, committing excesses of unbelievable horror in a graveyard with the dead, and through the darkest and most dangerous parts of the jungle.

He became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for miles around his village. He was regarded with reverence and dread. A man gave his daughter in marriage and his women worshipped the devil. People of high caste sent for him to cure them of sickness or to offer sacrifices to the devil in times of plague or famine. On one occasion a Sudra family—that is to say, a high-caste family—sent for him to cast out a demon afflicting one of its members, a woman. This demon, known as Rakasari, or blood devil, tore the girl till she was dabbled

all over with blood. The devil-dancer remained with her for seven days, wailing and shouting with that devil and finally drove it out. The girl was completely restored. The act was commemorated by a silver man-eater of the Sudra himself hung round the dancer's neck, placing at the same time seven rupees in his hand—a large sum of money for any villager in India to earn at a single stroke.

So great was his fame that it checked the work of Christianity in a neighbouring village where The Salvation Army had lately planted a local Corps. People challenged the heights of a most beautiful purity. This man, feeling himself unworthy to attempt miracle, set himself to pray for the soul of the devil-dancer. He gave up an entire week to this purpose, and ceaselessly petitioned God all those seven days to give him the soul of the devil-priest.

The answer to his prayer seemed to be a growing conviction that he should go to the man and speak to him of Christ. He set out on this errand full of that utter and child-like faith which is the most striking and attractive feature in the character of an Indian who has been truly converted. He went as the first Apostle went on his missions, with the good news of a risen Christ. "It did



"He Ture out his hair."

not trouble him to think of what he should say; it did not occur to him that his errand was wild and impossible. Full of quiet joy, conscious of a holy spirit leading him, he passed a barbed wire over his dusty road with the sun shining in his eyes through the leaves and branches of the forest.

Half-way to the village he encountered the devil-worshipper on the road. His heart beat with hope at this coincidence so he and invited him to rest under the shade of the trees. The devil dancer's arms were full of live fowls which he was carrying to a devil's temple. He was meditating on the pleasure of killing them and succoring himself with the hot blood. The Adjutant learned this business he said: "Brother, do not do this act; tell you in my house the leaves and branches of the forest. He has power to save all men and to cast out all devils."

Greatly wondering, the dancer consented, and the two men sat out for the Adjutant's village. On the way the story of Jesus was told to the devil-worshipper. He listened with interest, asked a few questions, and became strongly attracted to the Christian religion. The Adjutant invited his friend to pray with him. For the first time in his life, the devil-worshipper directed his thoughts to a God of purity and goodness. They prayed together

that the devil might be cast out of the dancer, that he might be set free for evermore from the power of evil and that his heart might become pure. Once set free, the man cried out in terror that he could not see the devil coming to take possession of his body. The Adjutant answered, these are by and by things that take course and are with some or with the great God over whom nothing can nor devil could triumph. "Oh, I fear that the devil is coming!" cried the man. "Do not keep praying to send the devil away, but come," replied the Adjutant. So they prayed, these two children of India, in a little hut built on the southern slopes of the Western Ghats, whose peaks are strewn by breezes from the sea, prayer to the Father of humanity, to the Jesus of Nazareth, and to the Christ of Calvary, until the sun was hidden and the darkness of evening fell upon the forest. Throughout the day they had prayed, and now at eventide it was very with the man. Suddenly, lifting his head, he cried out in a glad voice: "God has delivered me from the power of the devil; God has come to me. I can feel Him in my heart."

This event took place more than a year ago. He has been a Christian ever since. He occasionally thrown into a great fit by feeling that the devil was approaching him. In such moments of intense prayer in every case brought him back to his senses. He was never once tempted to drink arrack, to commit any heinous acts, or to indulge in sexual excesses. And now for ten months he has been unmolested by his devil and wholly happy in his heart and soul. If those who have any knowledge of the things of God, and the effect of hereditary superstition on the mind of the savage and ignorant, will reflect upon this instantaneous change of soul, they will confess, whatever their opinion may be as to his possession by the devil, that sincere prayer to a good God produces in the heart of a man changes akin to miracle.

He was twenty-four years of age when the Salvationist first spoke him. He was a man famous in a vast district, able to live without work, enjoying a notoriety which was flattering to his pride, and as ignorant of God as he was of his own mind. He was a life of extreme poverty by the toll of his labour, earning a penny or sometimes three half-pence a day. In his spare time he goes among those who formerly feared and respected him, telling them the story of a Christ, who has delivered him from the power of all the devils in hell. He has become singularly sweet and gentle. He is clean in all his habits, and pure even in the thoughts of his heart. By his testimony many people hitherto abandoned to devil-worship and immorality have become converted to Christ. He is something of a saint, and is loved by an increasing company of Christians in the hills of Southern India.

One thing has made a great impression on him. When he was a child he suffered constantly from sickness and disease. When his children were born they, too, suffered in an almost identical fashion. But now, for a whole year, ever since the day of his first prayer to God, those children have been free from sickness and pain, and he himself is free from any ailment. He is now a healthy man, his eyes shining with joy as he tells of this change. "It is good to believe in God," he says, with a childlike earnestness and simplicity. He told me, in the next words, that he was now a Christian, and that there was any sin in serving the devil, and that never once did the thought of spiritual punishment in the next world enter his mind. He has set himself to be no entirely at the mercy of an immense power which was impossible to resist that he resigned himself wholly and unconditionally to the power of a force too mighty for his opposition and too overwhelming for any thought of a good God to enter his mind.

Now that the Salvationist met him in the way had he thought of God, full of guilt and debased or experienced the smallest dread of death.

And now as I have said, he is something of a saint, is a child of peace, sometimes by a saint, is a child of peace, sometimes by a missionary, converting the devil-worshipper of his district to the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus Christ.

Easter Round the World.

By Commissioner Railton.



OUR Aitah cannot be content with one Easter each year. Wherever it is alive, it looks out for at least one Easter morning per week, and often rises even to seven, the first soldier ideal. Who does not know that every soldier in the world is accustomed to hear each morning a huge call to rise again? And the best soldiers of our Army, in every land, are those who are to be seen latest on Saturday night, fighting amongst the worst of the people, are the ones who look for and answer to the call to knee-drill in the early Sunday hours, when so many reckon in having an extra sleep. They often such an early Sunday call has begun the renewal of the life of some individual or some Corps.

In one of our oldest British Corps (its number is not above the fifties, I believe) when a runaway had tried to take away the soldiers and to finish our existence in the city, his successor began by announcing that a band of old brave, "dare-devils" would meet at six o'clock on Sunday morning at a central point, and march to their knee-drill. There was a great rally, a great march with song that rang through the air, and that Corps rose again to be used, as their leader had dared in faith to announce, "better than ever!" May it be so this Easter morning wherever any Corps has been weakened, humiliated, or half-killed by any frost of cold. Get up!

When I try to rattle the memories of forty years in many lands for special outlandish moments of resurrection, it is perhaps where we look for the first rays each morning. How I remember little knee-drills of Japanese students held in the quarters of officers who had been set apart especially in link after students' souls. Students are almost all accustomed to rise early for study, and it seemed so natural for the first little drill that had dared to break with the world and go in for Christ in time to gather extra early to learn of Him, and to drink in more and more of His life. With what freedom, brotherly love, and gladness the little circle, used in prayer! In Japan with its paper partitions, no set of people could well keep their religion from their neighbours, and whatever care any of our comrades may have exercised not to be unacquainted towards those living close beside them, I cannot but suppose that many in Japan must have been aroused, if not for Christ, by what they have heard through some portion of the prayers and songs and talks of our wide-awake comrades.

That tends my thoughts flying to the only whisper prayer meeting I remember attending. It was in Switzerland, during the worst of the old persecution days, in a city where they told me it was almost impossible for any comrade to get up or to keep a lodging, so resolute were all the landlords to get rid of such trouble-bringing tenants as all Salvationists then seemed to have from having any. I have heard of it, it was a dark question where any suffering, even of our own folks, would be allowed to be held. Word was passed around, however, on the Saturday morning of my arrival, and we met in a soldier's room up above a store, but with the understanding that all was to be done in whispers, so that we might get right through before anyone could interfere. I have often wondered since whether we might not draw together a doubled attendance at some knee drills if we announced a Whisper Meeting. We could all hear each other and God both heard and answered our "breathings" that evening. It was hard to keep down to a whisper when we sang "Hallelujah" at the time. I know that the very effort to make the most of every breath really worked as well upon our souls as I



Knee-drill with Japanese Students.

have known it do upon a slow-to-kindle fire. You try it in your family circle early next Sunday!

For our knee-drill the Sunday morning after this Whisper Meeting we met in the woods away up above the city and oh! how we did feast there. Many a godless young man in those days got converted, and speedily thereafter converted, through listening to some Salvationist's prayers from behind a tree or bush. For all who dared to join us in praying there at that time were on fire. Are you?

Whether any West Indian comrades would find it as easy as some to pray in whispers I doubt, for God has taught them to develop to the uttermost their wonderful voices and tongues. How I have heard of live songs and prayers ringing out on the early morning air! And yet, alas, we have known men and women there, as well as in other lands, very capable of going sound asleep in their slugs whilst their voices were still as loud as ever in every chorus. But oh! the enjoyment of singing and praying out in the woods, where all nature seems to be bursting out into praise to the great Creator. Canada, with its astounding woodlands and natural beauties ought surely to lead the world this year in thanksgiving. Shall you do your part that way or shall you be known on earth and then in heaven as a songless sort? That is the question they give of many of the most brilliant looking fruited birds, and I fancy it generally begins to be true of Salvationists who only wear uniform on the platform. Look out for your soul's voice if you want to keep awake and to wake others.

In the East Indies, as well as the West, I have seen comrades capable of early rising and early rising; in fact, the one opportunity of the Javan Officers came at five o'clock in the morning when the markets for the villages are held at central points, where there is often scarcely any resident population at all. To be there in time I need hardly say officers must be up and going at latest soon after four o'clock. And that is not a rare, or weekly thing, but almost a daily thing with many of them. All Javan soldiers have been accustomed to the Mohammedan call to prayer at sunrise, and thank God, they have found The Salvation Army sisters and brothers capable of rising as early as any of them. What hope indeed

for the Army, which professes to exist for the world's working masses, have none it can rise up as early as they do and get to work as early as its work can be done? Of course our work has to a very great extent to be done late as well as early. The Javan Officers have the advantage that their Government supplies them with enough bandages and ointments and simple medicines to be of medical help to all the village folks around them. Need I say what early and late demands that makes upon every Officer's time! Between meetings you will often find them washing, rubbing, cutting, cleaning, bandaging the most hideous sores. That why they are felt by the Javan medics so largely to be brothers and sisters indeed. The Javan Government is Dutch, and so the majority of our Officers are Dutch, and the same habits of early and late life are still preserved in their old country. With all its commercial and scientific strivings to keep pace with every other land, Holland still maintains its old habits of early rising and diligence, so that you cannot but wonder how they can keep it up so early and late. Our first Sunday morning in Amsterdam was with dear old Colonel Schell's Mission that commenced, and a lot of reporters watching to see what the Army could possibly mean by "knee-drill" was certainly an extraordinary occasion. Frankly God the reporters saw the patient-form freely made use of that morning, and proof in plenty that God hears and answers earnest prayer. Our first Captain there had only got enough Dutch for two sentences then: "And help us!" and "God help the people." But he was not ashamed to pray his little prayer over and over again, whenever there came a pause. And, whatever religious or irreligious ideas anyone who came that they may have had when they arrived, they went away, I can assure absolutely convinced that every Salvationist was awake in the value of praying early and late. Are you?

The thought of Holland seems always to bring with it the thought of Belgium, though there are, perhaps, few contrasts in the world greater than between these two countries. And yet our Belgians, whether Flemish or French-speaking, have found the Army just as capable of rising early to go and spread the Saviour's fame in all the colliery villages where drunkenness abounds, as to carry the light till midnight amongst the drinkers in its city saloons.

The saloons, indeed, of all Europe from the south of Italy in the north of Sweden, Norway, and Finland are accustomed in the appearance of the never-fading War Cry seller. But these are the sort of people who are accustomed to have hot wako them up on Saturdays and Mondays, as well as on Sundays. These could not be helped, but War Cry selling anywhere if God did not keep arousing our comrades' souls. In the Scandinavian countries, where the early mornings are so often extremely cold and snowy, you will find the appetite for knee-drills at least as keen as in any sunnier lands. And these meetings have made their mark on the praying habits of our comrades in a remarkable way. How often have I been astonished, indeed, in almost every land where our flag flies, to find so many coming together to pray on the coldest winter mornings, when we seemed to be almost the only people alive in the streets. Truly the resuscitant power shows its mighty workings upon all who really arouse themselves to call upon God.

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Praying with Prisoners of War.

around the opened grave, or those that spring more directly from Calvary would, perhaps, be hard to say; but in any case it is the quickening power of food that makes it possible for us, year after year, and week after week to bring forth afresh a stream of thoughts from heaven to stir the minds of the earth.

Germany may perhaps claim to rank very high amongst the nations as a thinking power. And that has perhaps helped to make for the Army its peculiar aptness there to wake up men with its papers. Certainly there is no country where the Army has reached so many minds and hearts with its appeals, in proportion to its numbers. During my latest tour there I was constantly astonished by hearing, ever and anon, the seething refrain that defines man's present impression of us:

Ever-in-in-in in the S. A.

Another soul saved—the "saved" slurred out to imitate the speech of a drunkard. We can only continue to push in—in—in in any country in proportion as the resurrection of Christ keeps coming in—in—in into our own souls.

What about next Sunday morning in your own soul? Are you believing for God to arouse you afresh, or are you getting tired of it?

In the South American Republics it used to be thought no strange thing to go to sleep



Spreading Salvation at the Early Markets.

under one Government and to wake up to learn that there had been a revolution, and that you were now under a perfectly new one. Our first Officer in South Africa, indeed, on board their steamer off Buenos Ayres till such an event was sufficiently settled to allow of their landing. And yet I found our comrades there holding forth upon the grandest square with far more liberty than we had of the date of my visit, 18 years ago, in most European countries.

They had all found out that our Army, with all its routine, drum calls was no trouble to the public in any revolutionary sense. Would to God we could all be sure of stirring other people enough this Easter. How persistent the Devil is in trying to bury Jesus Christ and every influence likely to bring Him up! Are you going to give way to the enemy when he tries to stifle, to calm down, to enslave your soul, or are you going in for another yet another resurrection, every time he tries to put you in sleep?

In South Africa, during the war, it really looked as if the Devil would have a chance, such as he never had before, to bury us all together. With comrades fighting to the best of their ability on both sides, and every mind and heart in the country so occupied with the war, how likely it seemed that the Army must needs go to pieces or go under. But God had raised up a people to whom He was all-in-all, and even though so divided, and compelled in so many instances



The Army's First Knead-dill in Holland.

to stand alone, they held on to Him, and when the war was over our Corps sprang



In the Swiss Woods.

up again, very generally I believe in better condition than they were before. During the war I met indeed, prisoners on both sides, who had taken prisoners of each other, taken with some crowd themselves, used their opportunities to publish Salvation where they were, and captured from amongst their "enemies" prisoners for our King.

So let the enemy never get us into despair about ourselves and our Corps. God is able to raise us up again every time, and will, if we only hold fast the beginning of our confidence as His own world-conquering, world-conquering Army to the end. And surely God never had a more remarkable opportunity to do wonders for us, and through us than just now in Canada.

In reading this over I see how much it seems like a special call to self-denial. How can anybody please Jesus Christ, or hope to share this wonderful risen life without constant self-denial?

What are soldiers for if not to set the best examples of self-denial, and to make others do the same?

ARMY WORK AMONGST WOMEN PRISONERS

Continued From Page 7.)
enced to terms in the Reformatory. And here it was that this woman first came into close touch with The Salvation Army. She attended the services because they relieved the monotony of prison life, but she did not mean to be influenced by them in any way. But how many have made a similar resolve and been the first to capitulate! The words of the Salvationists burned in Mabel's heart, she could not help but think of them day after day, and gradually a desire for better things sprang up within her soul.

"Mabel, I would love to see you converted," said one of the Salvationists to her one day.

"Next time you hold a meeting here I'll go to the front and pray," replied Mabel. Now, it so happened that that particular worker had to go elsewhere before the next meeting day, and did not return to prison for four months. Meanwhile Mabel had become despondent, and one day, in a despairing moment, attempted to end her life. Baring her arm she bit into it with all her might, hoping to cover a vein. The pain was excruciating, and she nearly fainted. She did not attempt a second bite.

A few days later, much to her joy, her friends returned, and true to her promise Mabel walked out to the penitentiary. She got soundly converted. On her release a situation as a domestic servant was obtained for her, and the lady for whom she worked was so pleased with her services that she bought her her first Army bonnet. Mabel is now a devoted soldier of The Salvation Army, striving to uplift and help others.

Very often the Army is instrumental in saving women from the degradation of a prison cell. The following instance is a good example of this sort of work.

— was the wife of a saloon-keeper. She was greatly addicted to drink. The death of her husband only drove her to seek more consolation in the bottle, and she grew worse and worse, associating with the vilest type of men and shamefully neglecting her home and children. One day she was brought up in the Police Court, charged

with drunkenness and the keeping of a house of ill-fame. A term in prison apparently lay before her, but the Army Officer hearing of the case, ventured to plead on her behalf.

"Will you go to prison, or go with The Salvation Army?" asked the Magistrate.

The woman decided to try The Army. While all this was taking place the Officer, who was second-in-charge of the Corps, had hinted to Mrs. A.—'s children, the poor little things were in a dreadful state, and the Captain had quite a task to get them clean. After she had bathed them, combed their hair and put clean clothes on them, they looked like different children.

Soon their mother came in, and on seeing the change she burst into tears. They were genuine tears of repentance; her mother's heart had awakened from its long slumber and anguished.

"Oh, how could I ever have fallen so low as to neglect my children!" she sobbed. Then she went over to the Captain and kissed him.

"And how can I ever thank you for doing for my darling what I, their mother, should have done long ago?" she said. The woman was sent to a Reformatory with her children, and was glad to say that she completely reformed and came out a year later a changed woman. Would this have been the result if she had been sent to prison?

These few instances will give our readers some idea of what women are doing for their unfortunate sisters in this far Canada of ours. The revelation of crime, perhaps, is a dark side to the story, but the manifestation of Christian love shines out the brighter through it.

Thank God that there are brave women on our ranks who do not shrink from a desperate grapple with sin, but who march boldly forward to seize the prey from the mighty, and to direct their footsteps into the ways of peace, love, and holiness.

BALLESLUAH HELLMAN.

It is interesting to note that a contest is being arranged between the asserted champion townsmen of England. Already four worthies have entered the field, and the competition should prove a keen affair. Envy from of London is of the candidates.

"He proposes to come to the great contest in his historic costume of blue braided with gold, and carrying the seven-foot staff of office which he bears on such state occasions as the proclamations of royal accessions, etc.

Envy from is no ordinary sort of a low trait. He holds his office under the jurisdiction of the ancient Court Leet and Court Baron of the royal manor of Luton. Like the official Wine, Ale, and Flesh Taster of Luton, and if any other mortal were to swing a bell and "cry" even a lost dog in Luton's square he would be at once liable to be hailed before the lord of the manor, who is Sir Julius Wernher, Bart.

"I keep up a lot of old customs," from said. "On Christmas morning I climb to the top of the curfew tower of the church and proclaim the title of the Saviour from both the New and Old Testament—"Unto us a Son is born"—and then that final passage from Isaiah."

BREWERY BROWN.

(Continued From Page 6.)

the lookout for a man to put into the prize ring. After the fight therefore they came up to Brown and got to talk to him about the matter. He was a bit sceptical at first about his chances of succeeding in the ring against highly-trained men, but they finally persuaded him to take his luck at the game, and he went off with them to commence training for his first prize fight.

(To be continued.)

But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep—Paul.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity—Channing.

A Page of Piquant Paragraphs.

WASHING IN THE MILK!

The following is from an Army Officer in Northern Queensland, Australia. The lassie "The children of the Tribesmen are bright and mischievous, with every tendency to steal like their parents. We have some amusing times with them. The other day they took five goats belonging to some one else, and when I caught them they were busy milking them, and some were actually washing themselves in the milk! They are really wild when they first come here, but they settle down, and now I send some on my errands, and give from 1 Rupee to 5 Rupees, and they bring back all the change!"

BRANK HORSE'S MEDICINE.

A New Zealand Band-Sergeant relates that on one occasion before his conversion, he had spent all his cash, and found a bucket in the stable filled with horse medicine, and because it contained brandy, he ignored the other ingredients, and satisfied his depraved thirst with a long draught. The effect was awful, but the Band-Sergeant triumphantly declares that what the horse medicine failed to accomplish, the grace of God succeeded in—viz, made a new creature of him.

"SAVATION STEW!"

The first cook pressed into service at the opening of the Army's Farm and Men's Home, known as "Driefontein," in the Transvaal, South Africa, happened to be a clever caricaturist, and was an unrepentantly deft hand as a cook. It is true, he could entertain and frighten the inmates with a variety of mysterious voices, which were heard at the most unaccountable times and places, but his skill in producing dinner was strictly limited. In fact, it extended to no dish only, which became known among the men as "Salvation Steew!"

A CLAP FOR THE GENERAL.

At the time of the opening of Korea, Mr. Colonel Hoggard addressed a large number of Koreans. Before the meeting broke up Mrs. Hoggard said she would like to show them a large photograph of the dear General, who had sent the Officers to Korea, and was the father of us all. The photo was passed round to all as they sat upon the floor, and when all had seen it one of them made up a splendid fellow and said: "We do not feel that it is respectful for us to be seated on the ground while looking upon the picture of the great, good General. May we have permission to stand to one foot and clap to express what our hearts feel?" Permission was readily granted, as you may imagine, and immediately all sprang to their feet and gave vent to a perfect thunder of applause.

"CONTRACTOR" TO THE ARMY.

The news of The Army's coming to Ireland spread to the villages. It was said that a mighty Army had invaded the capital! One day a farmer visited us, informing us that he had heard of the arrival of the Army, and as he had a good number of bags of cattle, he wished to become a contractor for the supply of meat to The Army, naturally expecting that his forces would need a large quantity of fresh meat every week. Inauguration of the fellow's assignment when he heard that the great Army in Ireland consisted of but two persons!

THE FIRST WAR CRY.

In an interesting article on "Press-Receipts," in the latest issue of "All the World," a writer says: "There is a homophone about The Imperial which appeals to pressmen the world over, who regard him as one of themselves. They are right, for those who have been more busy on land and sea than The General's and has not Mr. Brewster Brown, the Editor of the Staff, told us that when the first number of 'The War Cry' was ready for the press The General and himself stayed on all night trying to get as many of the gals to start the printing machine!"

A THOUSAND MILES BY COACH.

Commissioner Hay recently toured Northern Queensland, Australia. The lassie Officer at one place, some hundreds of miles from the provincial centre, told the Commissioner that to get to one small township 1,000 miles had to be journeyed by coach. On her arrival she was wet through, but the people supplied her with the clothing she needed, and ere she returned home, \$225 had been added to the Fund. At one town visited by the Captain the town clerk took upon himself to get a bell and go round the town announcing the meeting.

The Commissioner used a cornet to announce his meetings. When the cornet was first heard, one comrade was already at work: he of once dropped his tools, made for the little "church" where he lived, and, on the way, met the Commissioner, who suggested that he was going on the wrong road.

Go wrong way, me going home change clothes, me come Army in uniform: me feel better in uniform."

JAPANESE SIGNBOARDS.

The attempts of the Japanese at speaking and writing English are very commendable," says an Army Officer at present in that country. "A shopkeeper near our house has over his door, on a sign: 'Old Foreign Cloth in the Second Hand to Buy.' Some of the signs are self-explanatory, such as: 'Importers Several Articles,' and 'You Come! You See! You Buy!' In the town of Yokosuka I saw a sign which read: 'Japanese and Foreign Goods and Notions.' I thought of inquiring for a foreign notion, but I might have been in misunderstanding. Another man has over his door—'Marchin Tallor,' and no doubt thinks he has advertised himself as a marchion tailor. A restaurant proprietor has over his place—'Milk Hole.' I did not go in to see if the description was correct; but it was intended for Milk Hall."

HEARD THE DRUM IN JAVA.

One of the soldiers of Smerong Corps, Java, is no less a personage than the wife of the leading Chinese official and the richest merchant of the city. She was called Nanyang, or the wife of the Major, her husband holding that rank from the Dutch administration.

It was quite a simple incident which led to her conversion. While in the city in the cool of the evening she heard the drum. Inquiring of her chairman what it meant, he informed her with a laugh it was the Bolo Kasaulan (Salvation Army). She ordered him to follow to the Ball. Much to the amazement of the people, she got out of her carriage and went inside, listened in good-humoured amazement for a time, till conversation seized hold upon her and she became very unhappy. At the invitation to penitents she was the first to go and kneel down. She was converted that night, joined The Army, and fights still in the ranks.

NATIVES' NOVEL COLLECTION.

Commissioner Radie recently opened a new hall for native work at Umvizi, in the Transkei, South Africa. At the close of the ceremony a novel collection was taken up. Besides \$20 in money, one man, on behalf of his wife, child, and horse, promised \$25 to a Headman, 10s. a man, 1 sheep, another man, 1 goat and 1st, a woman promised a Muscovy duck; another one a laying hen; and another one some Kailie corn; a man, who would more than they all, promised for himself, 1st, 1st, 1st, and all those were in it, a young girl whose horse had grown old much. Thus was exhibited amongst these but the little unlettered people, all the degrees of generosity and the reverse, which have characterized the human family in all ages.

SAVED—BUT KEPT HIS YOW.

Mrs. General Booth once conducted a remarkable campaign in Hastings, England. Her visit there was planned in a most pre-

vidential manner. A prominent tradesman and Churchman had had of quarrel with his vicar, and the contention between them was so sharp that he took a solemn oath he would never again enter a church or listen to a parson. He soon regretted making any rash vow, but was afraid to break it, and then it was that he saw the posters on the wall: "Mrs. Booth, from London, will preach in the Circus." Thought our friend: "Mrs. Booth is not a parson, and the circus is not a church, and so I can go and listen to her without breaking my vow!" He went and not only listened to Mrs. Booth, but to find, who spoke through her. He yielded himself up entirely to God, and in later years marched the streets of Hastings wearing his jersey and playing his instrument until, some years ago now, an account appeared in "The War Cry" of his promotion to glory.

GERMANY'S FIRST OPEN-AIR.

In 1802 The Army conducted its first open-air meeting in Germany. It was very small, and the beginning was not very encouraging, but the Spirit of Salvation was Texon tenacity won the victory. To-day the forests and parks in Germany resound with the songs of Salvation. And if anybody would know how inspiring the music of that air, he may ask Commissioner McKie, who, on the invitation of Commissioner McAlonan, was on the "Templehof" last summer, where he spoke to nearly 5,000 people. Our first processions through the cities of the Fatherland were few and far between; to-day there is no denomination or society in Berlin which marches so often through the streets with music and flags as The Salvation Army.

"COME THIS WAY, MY LAD!"

At the annual Band League tea of a Welsh Corps, the Bandmaster spoke of his indebtedness to the Chief of the Staff in his early days. As a lad he was waiting to enter a train at a railway station on a cold winter's afternoon, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a kindly voice said to him, "Come this way, my lad!" The voice was that of the Chief of the Staff, who put him into a carriage, wrapped him in rugs, drew him close to his side, and conversed with him. He thanked the Chief of the Staff for his kind and warm-hearted heart. "Ever since then," continued the Bandmaster, "I have looked up to and respected the Chief of the Staff, not only as a leader, but as one of the kindest and warmest-hearted of gentlemen."

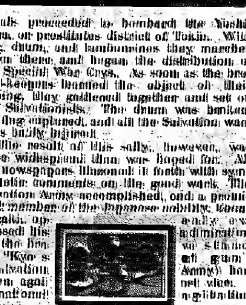
ON THE TOWN HALL STEPS.

Uniform wearing is almost regarded as a condition of Soldiership in some quarters in Sweden, an exceptional thing for the Soldier to be without it. In one Corps, where the Soldiership is 100, only four comrades are without uniform. At Alingsas, situated about three Swedish or eleven English miles from Stockholm, the town hall has been done in the open air, with the full and hearty permission of the authorities, the town hall steps being used as a platform and a penitents' bench!

THE IDEA OF SCHOOLING.

The rights and sounds forced upon the ears and camp of the small children in the Tom kapa (the huts of the Tom tribe in India), during the long evenings, are described. The little ones speedily learn that they are to thieves, and that even if they try over so hard to be honest, they will never be trusted. One bright-eyed, intelligent-looking little boy, who came with his parents to live in The Army's Settlement, on being asked to come to our school every day, replied with sparkling eyes: "Oh, yes, I will come to school every day, but I will not let my big I will roll any no rupees!" stretching out his little arms to show what a tremendous amount of money he intended on day to lay out trying to get as many of the gals to start the printing machine!"

This was the position of things therefore when the Salvation Army arrived in Japan and commenced its fight against evil. At first, the sinners of Japan found that neither the Government nor the Christians owing to the Government's suddenness of immorality. They heavily established a House of God, however, and published a paper in the West City that was full of religious teaching. The house of God was found in refuge China. But how was the need of it? Colonel Bullard had just taken charge of the House of God in Japan, and he desired to have a large number of the West City's disbelievers fully and completely in the good position of thousands of poor Japanese girls, and then to go out and sell the paper just in those quarters of the great city where the girls were plentifully found. There were about 100,000 of them, and therefore, a host of Japanese, Chinese and

[illegible]

SOME WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORKERS

One year at the Esther Street Reformatory Home was followed by a term at the Hamilton Home. Then came two years at St. John, N. B., one year at Ottawa (in the Reformatory Home), and then her present appointment, in which she is so happy that when talking about it to a War Era interviewer, the Captain waxed enthusiastic and emphasized her words and feelings by a sound thump on the table.

"But the serious man is there too. Gradually as he talks he has a habit of folding his hands in his chair, for in fashion, first he sits under him and then the other, until he is seated under himself. You see, his subject is such a big one, and he has to subjugate himself to give it room."

In that attitude he directs upon you a stream of talk which soon breaks the mobility of your mind, and you are left with only your things. Some authors regard talk well; they thoughtfully avoid moving the accustomed pace of their pen. Mr. Beehive is an exception. Occasionally he will gaze at you, and then, with such displeasure, he tries to chase you with something such a word as "absolutely," which he catches himself up with as a precious value. There you see the professional writer. And then the serious talker begins to talk. He has a few polished phrases

HAROLD BEGBIE

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ism, he had repeatedly gone down to Stephen's Gateway and asked questions of Dr. Bartholomew and his boys. He had also studied in these matters the work of the Plowshare Mission, which had been founded by the late General Booth, and when, later on, The Salvation Army asked him to see something of their work, he made 'Broken Barrenness' a chronicle of Army converts, and endeavored to show that the Army was doing the work of that organization. The spiritual side of its work is to him its basic side, and he does not share the opinion of so many outside observers that its spiritual methods are lacking. In fact, he holds that more seriously be taken into account.

"Similarly he came into touch with work which derived its first inspiration from The Salvation Army, that of The Wesleyan Conference, and he has been a frequent

literary men have been by the Lyons services. The result of a deeper acquaintance was the book called "In the Hand of the Potter" (the spirit of which is the same as that of "Broken Earthworks"), although it deals with a different stratum of humanity and the experiences it describes are less violent.

But Mr. Begbie will not admit that "Broken Earthworks" and similar books are religious books in a sense that others are not. He has no use for the religious novel, not that those are novel—as a thing apart, unless it is a religious novel. It is impossible for a book to make any large criticism of life and to leave out religion. Religion is a fundamental and pivotal thing. All his own defence, he adds, has a religious basis.

In spite of the dark scenes he has had to paint, Mr. Begbie looks out on life with unshakable optimism. In gathering together the materials for his forthcoming book about the Y. M. C. A., one fact greatly impressed him, namely, that those young fellows, speaking of what they had to put up with in warehouse and shop, or of the moral tone of the dormitories under the living-in system, would invariably say that the very worst of their companions had some good in them. The difference between this attitude and the hard, metallic consciousness so frequently met with was a touching thing.

"It is as an embodiment of this under-mental spirit that Christianity will be recognized ultimately as the most attractive thing in the world—the most beautiful, and frequently met with, was a touching thing.

"I give only the brief epitome of Mr. Begbie's two-hour talk that afternoon as he sat himself in his chair, which sanctifies the moral code. Without religion there would be no basis for morality. Nilism would become a logical thing. It is only the Christian who can give an intelligible reason for evil conduct. Now is it that this wonderful thing has even been considered unduly?

"On the wall of Mr. Begbie's study is a

Latin motto which he has taken for his own. It runs—
VITA SINE LYTERIS OMNIUS
SINE CHRISTO MORIS EST
(Life without books is a story, without Christ is death.)

Very well expressed what has come to be the predominant conviction of the author of "Broken Earthworks."

The Praying League.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

1. That resurrection life may come to many dead souls.

2. That all Easter services may be blessed with Divine approval.

3. That lonely and bereaved hearts may be comforted with the confidence of eternal reunion with loved ones.

4. For much joy to be given our venerable General on his birthday.

SUNDAY, April 1th.—The Infant Jesus. Luke 1: 29-38.

MONDAY, April 2th.—Whisperers of Jesus. Matt. 11: 1-15.

TUESDAY, April 3th.—The Boy Jesus. Matt. 11: 16-19.

WEDNESDAY, April 4th.—Preparing the Way. Luke 1: 1-3; Matt. 11: 1-15.

THURSDAY, April 5th.—In Single Combat. Matt. 11: 16-19; Luke 1: 1-3; Matt. 11: 1-15.

FRIDAY, April 6th.—The Lamb of God. John 1: 1-34.

SATURDAY, April 7th.—Inquirers after Jesus. John 1: 35-51.

SWEET EASTER FLOWERS.

Gathered by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Transcency is stamped on all our possessions, occupations, and delights. We have the hunger for eternity in our souls. The thought of eternity in our hearts. The distinction for eternity written on our inner being.

ing, and the need to ally ourselves with my proclaimed by the most short-lived of times. But these things will be the blessing or the curse of our lives. Will you mean that they shall be for Alexander MacLaren.

"Christ arose!
And with Him hope arose,
And love and light;
Men said, 'Twice death,
Not Christ, died yesterday,
And truth and trust,
And all things virtuous
Rose when He rose."

I want to introduce you to a beautiful, no-man maiden, young, and of high birth, whose subtlest heroism is a pattern for all Christians of all time. Her lovely face and calm of character attracted to her a host of admirers. Yet, though many wooed, no one won that proud heart. "Their words are fair," said she, "but words are so easily spoken. What of their deeds?" Not one of them loved me well enough to die for me, or do a great and splendid action for my sake. I want to give my heart's love to one who would love me even to death. "You will wait long for that," said her father with a sneer. "But he was mistaken. She had not long to wait. Through a slave, who acted to her as lady's-maid, she heard the good news of the Saviour who died for us. 'Do you say it was for love of us he died?' she asked again and again. 'Indeed it was,' answered her handmaiden. 'Then I am pledged to be his,' said the beautiful girl, 'would I give myself only to one who would die for love of me.' Her husband's father insisted she should give up her new faith; but she answered: 'The Son of God loves me; he died for me; I cannot deny him.' 'Because his religion or you deny choice,' said her parents, desolately. We are told which she chose. The love of Christ constrained her to follow her Lord even unto death.

LIFE'S UNDERWORLD



BECAUSE of sheer necessity and yielding to the repeated demands that are being made upon us, this Easter finds us actively engaged in making extensions in our Social Work from one end of the Dominion to the other, not forgetting Newfoundland.

The following phases of Social Work are at present being carried on in the different provinces:—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.		MANITOBA.	
Women's Rescue Work	Men's Social Reclamation	Grace Hospital	Police Court Work
Children's Home	Police Court Work	Women's Rescue Work	League of Mercy
Systematic Visitation of Jail at New Westminster	Hospital Visitation	Children's Home	Enquiry Work
Systematic Visitation of Penitentiary at New Westminster	Relief Work—Free Distribution of clothing, provisions and fuel	Men's Social Work	Relief Work
Systematic Visitation of Boys' Reformatory at Vancouver	Enquiry Department	Boys' & Girls' Detention Home	Penitentiary
	League of Mercy Work		
ALBERTA.		QUEBEC.	
Women's Rescue Work	Children's Homes	Hospital Work	Police Court Work
Visitation of Jails	Police Court Work	Women's Rescue Work	Sherbrooke Boys' Reformatory Work
Relief Work	Hospital Work	Children's Work	Enquiry Work. Work in Jails
League of Mercy		Drunk Women's Home	Relief Work
		League of Mercy	Penitentiary Work
		Men's Social Work	
SASKATCHEWAN.		MARITIME PROVINCES.	
Penitentiary Visitation	Rescue Work	Hospital Work	Men's Social Work
Jail Visitation	Hospital Visitation	Women's Rescue Work	Police Court Work
Enquiry Work	Relief Work	Children's Work	Penitentiary Work
League of Mercy		Enquiry Work	Relief Work
		League of Mercy	Work in Jails
ONTARIO.		YUKON.	
Hospital Work	Police Court Work	Men's Social Work	Visitation of Camps, &c.
Women's Rescue Work	Central Prison Work	Jail Work	Relief Work
Inebriate Home	Work in Jails	Enquiry Work	
Children's Homes	Penitentiary Work		
Enquiry Work	Homes for Working Girls		
Fresh Air Camp	Relief Work		
League of Mercy	Visitation of Hospitals, Asylums, &c.		
Men's Social Work			
		NEWFOUNDLAND.	
		Women's Social Work	League of Mercy
		Children's Work	Schools for all
		Prison Work	Police Court Work
		Relief Work	Enquiry Work

May we suggest that you earnestly take upon your heart the endowment of one of the above institutions, selecting whatever branch you are most interested in, and, if you so desire, apply your gift to the work within your Province. If you cannot give largely, perhaps you can support one child's cot or a girl's room—or pay for the support of one of the officers actively engaged in Penitentiary or Prison Work; or you could pay for the outing at the Summer Camp of some tired mother or city wail, or for a loaf of bread for our Relief Work, "for verily a cup of water will not lose its reward."

If you have no ready cash, goods, stocks, shares, real estate, lands, etc., are always acceptable.

The question of remembering us in your will is also a very commendable one. If you have not thought of this, do so to-day bearing in mind that "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Further particulars in reference to any of the above branches of work will be gladly given on application to

COMMISSIONER REES, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SUMMER HATS and CAPS



Man's Summer Cap



Ladies' Summer Hat



Bandman's Cap

Ladies' Summer Hats, Splice Straw, trimmed dark blue silk, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$1 75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, noli of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$2 75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, noli of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$4 00

Men's Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest..... \$1 25

Privates' Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest..... \$2 00

Bandmen's Regulation Cap, red silk band, crest..... \$2 25

F. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest..... \$2 25

A Full Line of DRESS GOODS Just to Hand

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd..... \$0 85

Dark Navy Blue Serge, 48 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00

Dark Navy Blue Lustre, 46 in. wide, per yd..... \$0 80

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 60 inches wide per yd..... \$1 40

Red Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd..... \$0 85

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario



THE WAR CRY

GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY NUMBER



The General: God Bless Him
Eighty Three & April 10th.

THE GENERAL Needs Your Help.